

DAILY NEVADA STATE JOURNAL.

VOL XXXI.

RENO, WASHOE COUNTY, NEVADA, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1890.

NO. 79.

SOCIETIES.

Amity Lodge, No. 8, K. of P.

THE REGULAR MEETINGS OF AMITY LODGE No. 8, K. of P. Knights of Pythias, are held in Masonic Hall, every Friday evening, commencing at 8 o'clock sharp. All Knights in good standing are fraternally invited to attend.
By order of the Chancellor Commander
S. J. HODGKINSON, K. of R. & S.
Oct 29-11

I. O. O. F.

TRUCKEE LODGE, No. 14, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, meet at their new hall, west side Sierra Street, near the Golden Eagle Hotel, Reno, Nevada, every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Punctual attendance of members is requested. Visiting members in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
H. P. BROWN, Secy.
JOHN DOWMAN, Secretary

Reno Chapter No. 7, R. A. M.

THE Stated Conventions of Reno Chapter, No. 7, R. A. M., are held in Masonic Hall on the evening of the first Thursday in each month, commencing at 7:30 o'clock sharp. Sojourning Companions in good standing are fraternally invited to attend.
By order of the E. H. P.
W. L. BEORFEL, Secretary

A. O. U. W.

NEVADA LODGE, No. 6, A. O. U. W., meet every Tuesday night in Masonic Hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.
F. McRAE, Recorder
W. M. OGDON, M. W.
Nov 17-90

RICHARD HERZ,

RENO, NEVADA



Engraving and Watch Repairing
STANDARD TIME TAKEN BY TRANSIT

PALACE RESTAURANT,

IN PALACE HOTEL, . . . RENO, NEVADA

J. GODFREY, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS,

DAY OR NIGHT.

OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE

The public can rest assured that the Palace Restaurant will be maintained in a first-class manner.

C. NOVACOVICH H. J. BERRY

BERRY & NOVACOVICH,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

STAPLE AND FANCY GOODS

GREEN AND DRIED FRUIT,

Vegetables, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware

TOBACCOES, WINES, LIQUORS AND

CIGARS.

All the novelties in Fancy Groceries. No need to send away for choice goods. Cash trade solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.

O. Gilling, President. W. B. Bender, Vice Pres

Wm. Henry, Secretary. First Nat Bank, Treas

RENO MILL & LUMBER CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER,

Wood Turnings,

Windows, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings,

Pickets, Shingles, Etc.

APPLE BOXES A SPECIALTY.

Small little FORTYONES have been made at work for Anna Page Austin, Texas, and Joe Bonn, Toronto, Canada. They are doing well. Why not you? Some can over \$500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even brighter are easily earning from \$5 to \$10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or full time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among our men. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, NEW AND WONDERFUL. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, H. HALLSTADT & CO., Box 980 PORTLAND, ORE.

\$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment as successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over \$3000 a year each. Its NEW and WONDERFUL. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, H. HALLSTADT & CO., Box 980 PORTLAND, ORE.

\$8000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y. at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from \$5 to \$10 a day at the start, and as you go on. Both sexes all ages. In any part of America you can commence at home, giving all your time or spare time. We furnish everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

MONEY Beginners earn from \$25 to \$50 per week and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment and will teach you free. You work in your own locality, wherever you live. Both sexes all ages. Can work in spare time or full time. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, H. HALLSTADT & CO., Box 980 PORTLAND, ORE.

EXCURSIONS.

FROM TERMINAL OR INTERIOR POINTS

—THE—

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

—IS THE LINE TO TAKE—

To all Points North and East.

It is the DINING CAR ROUTE. It runs Through VESTIBULED TRAINS every day in the year to

ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO.

(NO CHANGE OF CARS).

Composed of DINING CARS Unsurpassed.

PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPERS

Of Latest Equipment

Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

Best that can be constructed, and in which accommodations are both free and furnished for holders of First or Second-class tickets and

ELEGANT DAY COACHES.

A Continuous Line connecting with lines, affording Direct and uninterrupted service.

Pullman Sleeper reservations can be cured in advance through any agent of the road.

THROUGH TICKETS to and from all points in England, America and Europe can be purchased at any ticket office of this Company.

Full information concerning rates, time of trains, routes and other details furnished on application to any agent, or

T. K. STATELER,

Pass. Agt., N. P. R. R., 638 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

aug17

A RARE OPPORTUNITY.

\$12,000.

THE NORCROSS RANCH,

ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN AND FINEST on the Truckee Meadows, is offered for sale

170 acres of the most fertile land of Nevada

230 inches of Water.

Hard-finished farm house of eight rooms, large barn, cattle corral, etc., etc.

A fifteen-year old, fruit-bearing orchard of 260 trees

This farm is situated 3 1/2 miles from Reno on the Virginia City road. A railroad switch is on the place. This is a gold on opportunity for anyone who wishes to secure a beautiful home. Inquire of or address MRS. C. B. NORCROSS, del21jul1 Reno, Nevada P. O. Box 438

UNION SALOON.

NORTHWEST CORNER OF VIRGINIA AND Second Streets.

RENO.

CHASE & CHURCH, Proprietors,

The best quality of

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Five Billiard and Pool Tables attached for the accommodation of guests.

Moore's Brands of Whisky a Specialty

Call and See Us.

H. LETER,

THE BON TON TAILOR,

Has just received a fine line of Fall goods, both

FRENCH AND DOMESTIC.

SUITS made to order cheaper than any other place in the city. A perfect fit guaranteed or no sale

Virginia Street, near Commercial Row, Reno, Nev.

6025

A SELECT STOCK

—OF—

Christmas Presents

At Pinniger's Drug Store,

2 Virginia Street, Reno, Nev.

ORANGE BOXES.

SALOON CASES, ALL KINDS OF BOXES.

Verdi Mill Co. (on the Truckee River), Verdi, Nevada. Best and largest factory on the Coast. Lowest prices.

VERDI MILL CO.

VERDI MILL CO.,

VERDI, WASHOE CO., NEVADA.

CAPITAL STOCK - - \$40,000

O. LONKEE, President

J. F. CONDON, Manager and Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

O. LONKEE,

J. F. CONDON,

O. O. POWNING.

Water Power, Run Night and Day; Electric Light; Latest and Improved Machinery.

MANUFACTURE

DRESSED LUMBER OF ALL KINDS

VIZ

FLOORING, CEILING, RUSTIC, BEVEL SIDING AND SURFACED LUMBER

FRUIT AND PACKING BOXES.

PICKETS, LATH AND SHINGLES, SAWDUST FOR MARKET, KINDLING WOOD, ETC., ETC.

Mouldings Sash, Doors, Blinds, Door and Window Frames, Crimblings, Scroll Work, and all the latest styles of East Lake Doors and Interior Finish for Dwellings and Storehouses.

CLEAR AND COMMON LUMBER FOR SALE

ESTIMATES GIVEN ON APPLICATION.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS. VERDI MILL CO., VERDI, WASHOE CO., NEVADA

NOTA BENE

Take Notice!

MARK WELL!

JUST LOOK AT THIS!

Lots in the Powning Addition from \$200 to \$250 Each.

The Most Desirable Location in Reno for Beautiful Homes.

No other tract offers such inducements to home-seekers of moderate means, or those seeking a safe and profitable investment.

Particulars at the JOURNAL office.

MANNING'S ADVERTISEMENT.

A. H. MANNING,

—DEALER IN—

Stoves, Ranges,

ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE,

NAILS, BARBED WIRE, IRON PIPE, WAGONS, PLOWS,

And Farm Implements of All Kinds.

Mound City Mixed Paint, White Lead, Varnish and Oils.

PLUMBING, GAS FITTING AND TINNING AT REASONABLE PRICES.

W. O. H. MARTIN.

W. O. H. MARTIN, DEALER IN

Shelf Hardware, Bar Iron, Barbed Wire, Steel, Cumberland Coal, Lime, Plaster, Cement,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

Buckeye and all Other Kinds of Machine Extras a Specialty.

GROCERIES, LIQUORS, TINWARE AND CROCKERY.

Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada.

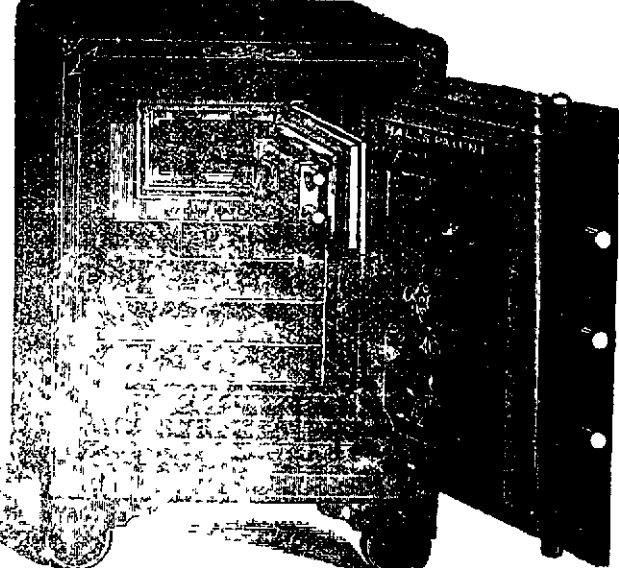
FOR FINE

JOB WORK,

Call at the Journal Office.

HALL'S SAFES.

HALL'S SAFES ARE THE BEST.



FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFE.

SECOND HAND SAFES AT A BARGAIN.

Combination Locks Furnished and Repairing a Specialty.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR AND PRICE LIST.

HALL'S STANDARD SAFES

Never Fail to Protect their Contents against Both Fire and Burglary.

HALL'S SAFE AND LOCK COMPANY,

Factory, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

SALESROOMS

New York City; Portland, Me.; Boston; Philadelphia; Cleveland; Chicago; Louisville, St. Louis; Kansas City; Omaha; Minneapolis; St. Paul; New Orleans; San Francisco; Los Angeles; San Diego; Portland, Ore.; Nashville, Tenn.; Richmond, Va.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Evansville, Ind.; Atlanta, Ga.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

D. A. BENDER, President. G. W. MAPES, Vice-President. GEORGE H. TAYLOR, Assistant Cashier. C. T. BENDER, Cashier.

Cash Capital, \$200,000. Surplus, \$75,000.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to our care. Foreign and Domestic Exchange bought and sold.

PRINCIPAL CORRESPONDENTS:

BANK OF CALIFORNIA, San Francisco; NAT. BANK D. O. MILLS & CO., Sacramento. NAT. BANK OF THE REPUBLIC, New York; CONTINENTAL NAT. BANK, Chicago, Ill. BANCA DENERE, Genoa, Italy.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

W. O. H. MARTIN, A. H. MANNING, GEO. W. MAPES, D. A. BENDER, C. T. BENDER, ALLEN A. CURTIS, F. M. LEE.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE CHEAPEST! THE BEST!

TASSELL BROTHERS.

Powning's New Building, East Side of Virginia Street

Are constantly receiving direct from one Leading Manufacturer of the United States (the Largest and Most Complete Stock of

Fine Boots Shoes.

FOR GENTLEMEN, Shoes, Slippers and General Footgear for Ladies, Youths and Misses

That have ever been received in this city. The public is invited to call and inspect them. Boots and Shoes made to Order. Repairing Neatly Done. Leather and Findings a Specialty.

WIELAND BEER.

WIELAND'S LAGER.

ADOLPH BAIL.

Sole Agent for the State of Nevada or the sale of the John Wieland Brewing Company's celebrated pure and

GENUINE LAGER BEER.

—Headquarters and bottling house at—

RENO, NEVADA.

Favorable terms given to the wholesale trade, and all orders for general and family use promptly filled and attended to.

Daily Nevada State Journal.

C. C. FOWNING, Editor and Proprietor.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas has come again, and the year '90 will soon make its departure from the stage of time. It has been on the whole a prosperous year, and all have more or less to be thankful for. Nevada has no poor like those in the great Eastern cities, and there are not any in the State who are not supplied this day with at least the necessities, and few who have not a portion of the luxuries of life. We can sit down to our Christmas turkey with a thankful heart. May everyone have a Merry Christmas.

The Closure in the Senate.

Chairman Aldrich, of the Committee on Rules, was Tuesday instructed to report the closure resolution to the Senate.

The closure resolution provides that when, in the opinion of any Senator, a question shall have been considered for a reasonable time he may demand that debate thereon be closed, and if the demand shall be seconded by a majority of the Senators present the question shall be taken thereon forthwith. The resolution also provides that each Senator may speak thirty minutes upon such measure, including all amendments. All motions to adjourn or take a recess after such closure is decided must be seconded by a majority of the Senators present before they can be put.

The program of the Republicans is believed to be in this line: At a convenient time the rule is to be called up (when a Republican majority is at hand) and when Democratic Senators attempt to attack it with the intention of talking it to death, or until the 4th of March, the presiding officer will rule that debate is not in order, taking his stand on the broad ground of general parliamentary law that a motion to close debate, which must therefore be out of order—as was ruled by the British Parliament when the celebrated closure rule was adopted against the vigorous opposition of the Irish members. What will follow no one can say, but if the rule carries, the Elections bill will come very near the statute books.

The richest joke of the season on the United States Senate has just leaked out. A confidence man in Baltimore wrote to each Senator stating that he had just named his baby after them, and after expressing his happiness at being the father of a handsome baby boy and being able to name it after a U. S. Senator, the letter closed with a gentle hint that a little token for the baby would be appreciated. Vice President Morton was so pleased that he sent a beautiful silver cup to Levi Morton Duval, Senator Hancock sent \$5 to little Frank Hancock Duval, while Senator Evans had a beautiful silver spoon engraved on the back "William Maxwell Evans Duval." It is said that all but three of the Senators were caught. The story came out when Senator Mansfield showed his letter to another member who had also received one.

Now that Santa has falsified the predictions of the doctors that he couldn't live forty-five days even on his mysterious elixir, the public would like to know something of the qualities of this condensed nourishment which has kept life in the Italian for so long a period. Despite the analysis of the chemists the public will continue to believe in the virtues of this drink. The secret is not worth very much to Sacco, but it is extremely valuable to science, as the knowledge of its properties would be useful to explorers and others who are liable to exhaust or lose their stock of provisions. Provided with such an elixir the De Long and Greely parties might have escaped the horrors of slow starvation.

The clergyman who preached the funeral sermon of General Terry said that the noblest act of the General's life was allowing under-erased criticism to rest upon him in connection with the death of General Custer. Custer's fatal movement, said the clergyman, was in direct violation of both verbal and written orders. When his rashness and disobedience ended in the total destruction of his command General Terry withheld the fact of his disobedience of orders and suffered an imputation hurtful to his military reputation to rest upon himself rather than convict his brave but indiscreet subordinate of disobedience of orders.

The assessments levied on Pacific Coast mines in 1890 of which any record has been kept, aggregated \$2,392,460, against \$2,990,050 in 1889. The list has not been so small in nine years. The California mines called for \$337,000; Nevada, \$1,789,460; Arizona, \$186,000; and Alaska, \$15,000.

Two on a Tour.

A story is told that on one occasion Charles Dudley Warner, who is neighbor and friend to Mark Twain, wanted him to go walking, and Mark, as usual, refused. Dudley insisted, but to no purpose. "You ought to do it," he said finally; "it's according to Scripture." "No 'Mark-the-perfect-man' obstinacy on me," replied the wily humorist. "Where's your authority?" "The fifth chapter of Matthew, verse the forty-first," said Mr. Warner, "which reads thus: 'And whoever shall compel these to go a mile, go with him, Twain.'" Mr. Clemens went with Mr. Warner that time.

A TRUE TALE OF WEST ROCK.

How sweetly sound the dear old songs,
When once again we hear
Some stranger on whose voice they float
In cadence fresh and clear;
And thringing memories fill our minds
Of when we heard them sung,
By other voices long ago,
In days when we were young.

And off the tear unbidden springs
From eyes unused to weep,
As memory to our sight brings back
The forms of those who sleep
The last long sleep that men call death—
Again, we seem to see
Our loved ones who have gone before
Round us, in fancy free.

One song there is brings to my mind
A picture sad but true:
Of quiet, easy village home,
By trees half hid from view—
On river bank the old house stood,
And, towering high above,
Rose old West Rock, whose rugged sides
To climb we children loved.

Around it cling fond memories still
Of youthful pleasure jaunts;
And history weaves her magic, too,
Round its familiar haunts.
One spot that's famed throughout the land
Lies on its summit wide,
"The Judge's Grave," where shelter found
The English Regicides.

In every age, in most men's minds,
The love of gain is strong,
And on the mountain's quarried sides
They labor hard and long;
And through the town that's lying near
There rises many a block
Of stately buildings that were once
A part of old West Rock.

Long years ago, when but a child
I lived beneath this Rock,
I loved to watch the workmen there,
To hear the blast's rude shock,
To see the stones fly through the air,
Then fall with merry clang;
But best of all I loved to hear
The song one workman sang.

A gay young lad he seemed to be,
Altho' I saw him ne'er,
And all day long his song rang out
In accents loud and clear,
And truth to tell, he seemed to know
Only one song, no more,
But this he sang in gayest mood,
"Twas 'Old Virginia's Shore'."

There came a bright midsummer day,
He sang in louder strain;
It seemed that he would never tire
Of that quaint, old refrain.
Perhaps he felt that from this day
He'd sing on earth no more,
So tuned his voice to sing his best
On yonder "Golden Shore."

Howe'er that be, I can not tell,
But soon I saw him thrown
By sudden blast, high in the air,
Then fall, with scattered stone,
Dead on the rocks, and heard his song
Above the blast's loud roar:
"Oh! carry me back, carry me back
To old Virginia's shore."

Reno, Nev., Dec. 25, 1890. MARY S. DOTY.

A Gigantic Irrigation Corporation.
The Bear Valley Irrigation Company, of San Bernardino county, has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$4,000,000, \$1,000,000 of which is preferred stock and \$3,000,000 common stock. The company buys out the Bear Valley reservoir property; also the Alessandro tract of 210,000 acres, which is to be irrigated by Bear Valley reservoir water. Two million four hundred thousand dollars of the common stock is to be used to buy these properties, and the remainder of the common stock and preferred stock will be sold to raise funds to build the new Bear Valley dam at a cost of \$750,000. It is also proposed to convey water to the Perry and Alessandro irrigation districts, comprising 510,000 acres of fruit lands.

Christmas Eve at the Churches.
The churches last night celebrated Christmas Eve in the usual manner. The interiors were tastefully decorated with evergreen boughs and mottoes, and the Christmas trees were loaded with tapers and presents. Singing and recitations opened the evening, after which the gifts were distributed. The children were happy and their joy communicated itself to the elders. Even Mr. Scrogge, had he been present, would have felt the contagion, and been obliged to wish everyone a Merry Christmas.

The Xmas Gazette.
The Christmas number of the Evening Gazette, issued last evening, was a very fine paper, and did credit to its proprietors. Besides its usual news of the day the special features dedicated to important local affairs were well written and exceedingly interesting. The illustrations were well calculated to give an idea of the town and its schools and homes. The Journal takes pleasure in giving its cotem, the credit it deserves for issuing such a double sheet.

Wells Drury's New Paper.
The Sacramento Record Union of the 23d inst. says: A new daily evening paper made its appearance in Sacramento yesterday. It is called the Daily Evening News, and is published by Wells Drury, a newspaper man of large experience. The News appears as a four-page, six-column paper, and the initial number is a creditable production, having telegraphic news by the Postal line, and a fair amount of local news and editorial matter.

PROPOSALS FOR SUPPLIES
FOR THE STATE INSANE ASYLUM AT RENO, NEVADA.

THE COMMISSIONERS FOR THE CARE OF THE Indigent Insane of Nevada, will receive sealed proposals for furnishing supplies (groceries and meats) to carry on the Insane Asylum at Reno, Nevada, up to December 27, 1890, for six (6) months from January 1, 1891 to and including June 30, 1891, and for sealed proposals for furnishing wood for one year from July 1, 1891 to and including June 30, 1892. All bids must be opened and acted upon at 12 M. December 27, 1890.

All persons desiring to make proposals for furnishing said supplies or any part thereof, will, upon application to the Secretary of the Board, at Carson City, Nevada, be furnished with a full statement of all supplies required and all necessary particulars pertaining thereto.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

F. LEVY & BRO.

TAKE ADVANTAGE

OF OUR GREAT PREMIUM SALE,

OF our New Stock

DRY GOODS and CLOAKS.

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER.

F. LEVY & BRO., Reno, Nevada.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M'KISSICK'S OPERA HOUSE.

JOHN PIPER, Lessee.

GRAND CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ATTRACTION

Friday Evening, Dec. 26, 1890.

By special arrangement making but this one stop between San Francisco and Denver, The Greatest Farce Comedy Company ever organized in the United States.

JAMES T. POWERS,

And the incomparable cast of clever comedians—within—

JOHN J. McNALLY'S

Superbly Brilliant Farceful Satire on racing and other sports, entitled

A STRAIGHT TIP!



The company comes here direct from the most successful engagement ever played at the California Theatre San Francisco and give in every detail the same magnificent performance.

SCALE OF PRICES:

Dress Circle Reserved \$1.00
Dress Circle Admission 1.00
Balcony Reserved 75
Admission to Balcony 50
Boxes, four people 5.00
Box Seats now open at Sam. Hodgkinson's drug store.

NEW SHOP OPENED!

I HAVE OPENED MY NEW SHOE SHOP, ON Fourth street, next to Perry's stable, and have the most complete shop in the city. I am prepared to do

LIGHT AND HEAVY

BLACKSMITHING,

In all its branches, and woodwork of all kinds.

CARRIAGE PAINTING

In the highest style of the art.

I have engaged one of the best horse-shoers in the State, and can do any and everything in my line. I also have

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, WAGONS

OF ALL KINDS FOR SALE.

I have engaged ROBERT BUNNELL to do Job Work of all kinds.

Work Done at a Low Figure for Cash

at his office on

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

ESSEX ICE COMPANY—LOCATION OF works, Essex, Washoe County, Nevada.—Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the above-named company, held on the 19th day of December, 1890, an assessment (No. 1) of two dollars (\$2) per share was levied on each and every share of the capital stock of the company, payable immediately in United States gold coin to T. V. JULIEN, Secretary, at his office in the Court-house, Reno, Nevada. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the

19th Day of January, 1891,

shall be deemed delinquent, and will be advertised for sale at public auction, and unless previously paid will be sold by the Secretary of said company at his office on

Saturday, February 10, 1891.

At 3 o'clock P. M. of that day, to pay such delinquent assessment together with costs and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Trustees.

T. V. JULIEN, Secretary.

Reno, Nevada, December 19, 1890.

A. NELSON,

—DEALER IN—

Cigars, Tobacco, Smokers' Articles,

Stationery, Notions, Etc.

A Fine stock of Men's Underwear

and Gloves Constantly on Hand.

West Side of Virginia St.

FIFTY-CENT COLUMN.

All classes of legitimate advertisement exceeding six lines, inserted in this column at 50 Cents per Week.

Children's Dancing School.

Mr. and Mrs. Reigelhuth will open a children's dancing school at Thompson's Hall, Saturday afternoon, Dec. 27th, at 1 P. M.

Lost.

A glove buttoner between the Opera House and the convent. Initials on one side "M. R. N." and "F. C." on the other. Finder will please leave at the Postoffice.

Turkeys Wanted.

One hundred turkeys wanted. Enquire of BERRY & NOVACOVICH.

House for Rent.

A fine dwelling, seven rooms, good barn and chicken house and all modern conveniences, for rent, with or without furniture. Inquire of digit THOMAS BARNETT.

House for Sale.

A house of twelve rooms with all modern improvements, furnished or unfurnished; also carriage house, stable and chicken house. For terms apply to MRS. E. C. ROFF.

Wanted.

An experienced lady teacher in the Grammar Department of the Reno public schools. Apply to the Board of Directors, S. M. JAMISON, Clerk.

Notice.

I have this day sold to J. L. McFarlin my interest in the saddle and harness business together with books and accounts. All bills due to this date are made payable to him. F. KLINE, Reno, Dec. 12, 1890.

To Stockmen and Others.

J. Westlake makes to order men's heavy French kip shoes, full stitch, for \$5. Try a pair. Repairing cheap and prompt. A few dollars below the Postoffice. A specialty of ladies' shoes, from \$5 up, and men's boots.

E. Barlow

Teacher of violin, Music furnished for balls, parties, etc. Apply at Astoria.

FOR HOLIDAY GOODS

Go to

HODGKINSON'S

DRUG STORE.

ARCADE SALOON.

H. E. DAVIS & CO., PROPRIETORS

THIS SALOON IS FITTED UP IN THE MOST modern style, and is presided over by Harry Davis, formerly of the Depot Hotel, whom everybody knows.

THE BAR IS SECOND TO NONE

In the State, being always provided with the best of everything.

Give Mr. Davis a call and be convinced.

RENO LIVERY AND FEED STABLE

Opposite the R. R. Depot, Reno.

J. A. POTHOFF, PROPRIETOR.

Horses, buggies and saddles.

—TO LET—

Best Turnouts Constantly on Hand.

Horses Boarded by the Day, Week or Month.

T. K. HYMERS,

TRADESMAN, LIVRY, FEED AND SALE STABLE.

Cor. Sierra and Second Sts. Reno, Nev.

Horses, buggies and saddles.

—TO LET—

And Horses Boarded by the Day, Week or Month.

Terms to suit all times.

We have also attached a large Day and Night Stable. Also Corral for horses and cattle.

REARER TO LET

NEW TO-DAY.

DELINQUENT TAX SALE.

Notice of Delinquent Tax Sale for State, County and Special Taxes for the Fiscal Year, 1890.

TO THE FOLLOWING NAMED PROPERTY owners, and to all owners of, or claimants to the real estate and improvements hereon, described, known or unknown: You are hereby notified that unless the taxes, together with the ten per cent delinquency, and cost of advertising, are paid before 1 o'clock P. M. of Monday, the nineteenth day of January, A. D. 1891, I will on said nineteenth day of January, A. D. 1891, at the Court House door, in Reno, county of Washoe, State of Nevada, sell at public auction the following described property to pay said tax, together with the ten per cent delinquency and cost of advertising as aforesaid; provided such sale is in subject to redemption within six months after the date of such sale, by payment of all said sum together with three per cent per month additional on the amount paid from date of sale until redemption.

James Mayberry, lots and sw 1/4 of section 18, township 10 north, range 10 east, 1/4 of 1/4 and lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724,

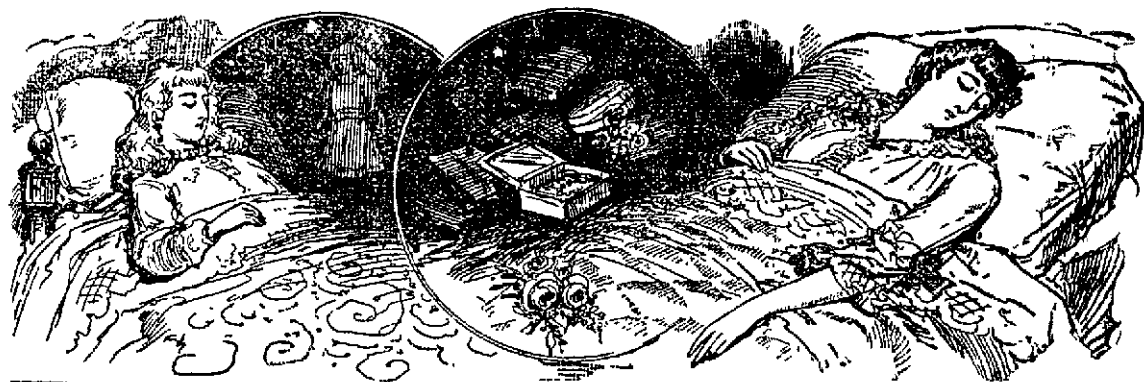


At Ten.

CHILDHOOD'S SLEEP HAS WRAPPED HER
ROUND,
SHUT OUT EV'RY SIGHT AND SOUND,
AND OF SANTA CLAUS SHE DREAMS—
BRIGHT AND CLEAR THE VISION SEEMS.

At Eighteen.

CHRISTMAS EVE THIS MAIDEN SEES,
WHILE SHE SLUMBERS AT HER TASK,
LEAVES OF JOYOUS MISTLETOE,
DANCING, GASLIGHT, AND A DEAR.



PETER'S CHRISTMAS.

A HOLIDAY STORY OF LIFE AMONG THE
BOOTHACKS.

(Copyright by American Press Association.)

PETE lived at the Newsboys' home in a big American city. Pete was not a newsboy, but the way he came to be at the home was this: His brother Patsey, 9 years old, was father, mother and all to Pete, and Patsey was a newsboy. Pete was but 6, and too young to peddle papers, so Patsey thought, and as he was

quite a successful newsboy himself, he could afford to "have his family with him," as he said. Pete was his family. There were only those two, and neither could remember when there had been any one else in the family circle. It did not cost very much to live at the home, for the charge each day was five cents for supper, six for lodging and six for breakfast, which for both boys would amount to not quite two dollars and a half a week, and "find yer own lunch."

But first it must be explained that the home is a place where newsboys who have no other place to live can sleep comfortably and get their breakfasts and suppers besides, if they wish, for the small sums mentioned above. Its object is not only to give them good places to sleep, but to help them in other ways. It furnishes its inmates with schooling, books to read and bathes, free. It gives them a chance to save their pennies by affording each a place in the bank—a great table whose top is full of numbered slips—and offering a reward for the boy who has saved the largest amount when the bank is opened at the end of each month. It also makes them keep good hours by refusing admittance to all who come very late at night. A "home" isn't the worst place in the world for a boy who has no parents. In fact, it is a pretty good place.

But to come back to Pete. He staid at the lodging house most of the time, because Patsey was afraid to have "aech a little chap" on the streets, and the matron, Mrs. Brown, was very good to him. She allowed him to remain with her during the day, and gave him his dinner when she took her, because she said he was a "real help to her, so he was," in her work. He was a quiet little fellow and very sweet tempered. The newsboys all loved him, and many a lad remembered to bring Pete a flower or a bit of fruit at night. Newsboys are rough in speech and action, but many a one has a kinder heart than beats under a fine jacket.

Patsey, as I have said, supported himself and Pete; but you must not think it was an easy task. In order to do this and put pennies away in the bank he had to work early and late. He sold late papers because there were not so many newsboys on the streets then and not so much competition. Sometimes he did not come in until little Pete, who went to bed directly after he had his supper, had been asleep for hours in his little bunk, with his neat white pillow and blue coverlet. The great dormitory had rows and rows of beds, built one over another, like berths in ships, and when the word "Bed" was spoken on the stroke of 9 in the room where many of the boys spent their evenings reading, all had to go, and those out much later were fined. Indeed, no boy was allowed to come in after 11, and Patsey was a real hero to stay out after that time so that all his papers might be sold, and then sleep anywhere he could find a place. Mrs. Brown knew why he staid, and was sure he did not hang around the streets until 11 just for a lark, as the boys sometimes did; but the rule was strict, and she could not set it aside for one boy. However, Patsey was bright and good nat-

ured, and quite a favorite with a certain set of people who used to buy his papers pretty regularly, and he was not often left with any on his hands as late as 11. It was nearing Christmas time, and great were the calculations which Patsey was making about a "Christmas treat fur little Pete." He talked it over with the matron one night, just after the announcement had been made that the banks in the big table would be opened on the 23d of December, instead of compelling the boys to wait until the first of the month, as was the rule.

"Ain't it jolly, Mrs. Brown?" said Patsey. "I believe there'll be a couple of dollars in my bank, and I'll spend every red cent of it fur Pete. It's kinder tough on a little chap like him not to have any folks when Christmas comes as'll give 'im presents an' turkey an' all the things that everybody has then. But I'll make it up ter him as well as I kin, you bet. He's a-goin' ter hang up his stockin', an' I'm a-goin' ter take him out fur tiptop grub ter one of them eatin' houses—restaurants, as the swell folks calls 'em, an' we're a-goin' ter have turkey an' mince pie, Mrs. Brown. What d'ye say to that?" And Patsey stopped from sheer want of breath.

"I don't think Pete need mind wantin' frinds, Patsey McCall. Isn't it yourself that is a good enough friend to him ter make up for all the rest? What more does he want than what you have planned? Nothing but a tree, and maybe we can fix him up with one; who knows?"

"I could git a tree, but there'd be nothin' to put on it," said Patsey.

"Never mind, Patsey," replied Mrs. Brown mysteriously; "you find the tree, and I will see what we can find to put on it."

She was thinking of a pair of bright red mittens she was herself knitting for the express purpose of keeping Pete's hands warm when he went out. And visions of scalloped cakes she meant to have baked for the little chap and the bag of candy she had made up her mind to buy him passed before her, only now she seemed to see them on a tree instead of being laid under his pillow, as she had intended.

"Hoorny fur ye, Mrs. Brown," shouted Patsey. "Yer a brick, an' no mean rough one either, but a nice, smooth Philadelfy brick, what they use to build fine houses with, that's what ye are! I'll find a tree; trust me for that." And the delighted boy went to his bed, directly over the one occupied by little Pete, to dream of all sorts of Christmas delights.

And Mrs. Brown good naturedly forgave Patsey's somewhat unconventional enthusiasm.

The treat for the newsboys this particular year was an entertainment given by some young people who were charitably inclined and who had nothing else to give. It was presented in a hall very near the home the night before Christmas, and all the boys having received free tickets were glad to go. Among their attractive numbers on the programme was one song, sung by a beautiful little girl with yellow hair, who was dressed all in white and seemed like an angel to the newsboys, who looked at her with awe. The boys could hear every word, for a child's utterance in singing is always very distinct, and the voice that sung to them was so soft and

musical that it seemed to float all around the room. This is what they heard:

Fear not for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

The song repeated itself as the music changed, and again the boys heard:

For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

There were other features—humorous, beautiful and bright, but none took such hold on little Pete as this. He dreamed of the golden haired singer that night, when other little ones were having "visions of sugar plums," and Santa Claus, and a big dinner. His stocking was hung close by the narrow bed, and after Pete had fallen asleep Patsey had filled it with peanuts and candy, and an orange or two.



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

The tree stood ready, and there was hardly a boy who had not contributed something to put on it. This was the matron's secret, for not even Patsey knew that she had told the newsboys about his plans for his brother's Christmas. One ragged chap gave a bright new five cent piece, which Mrs. Brown had some trouble in fastening on the tree. Another brought an Easter egg, which had long been one of his cherished possessions, and some put their money together to get Pete a knife. There was also a toy cap pistol left over from some one's last Fourth of July, a jumping jack, lots of apples and popcorn cakes, some candy, a penny picture book, and "other things too numerous to mention." The red mittens hung gayly from one branch and a squealing bird from another. A brass watch and chain, bought on the street, swung from the tip end of a third branch, and altogether the small tree was a startling sight, or would be to some children used to the graceful, wax candle trimmed ones of grand parlors.

When the little fellow woke early Christmas morning he made a dive for the knobby stocking which hung by his bed. Then there was a cry of delight as he held it up in true orthodox fashion by the top, and the peanuts tumbled out over the oranges and the candy over the peanuts.

"Oh! oh! Patsey, is they all fur me?" he called out. This waked some of the other boys, and they, with Patsey, rolled out of bed and began to dress, because papers must be sold Christmas morning as well as any other time.

"Course they is, Pete," answered Patsey. "Ain't that yer stockin', an' didn't ye hang it up to see what ud be in it in the mornin'? Go long wid ye now; I don't want none o' yer goodies," as Pete held out a handful.

Then the delighted little fellow began to offer the other boys some, and this so touched them that they vented their feelings by various characteristic remarks:

"Pitch inter 'em yerself, Pete."

"You're a goose to give away what was giv' to you."

"I don't eat candy before breakfast, 'cause it don't agree with me constitoshun."

"You're a jolly chap, Pete, that's what you are."

"Three cheers fur Pete an' his stockin'."

They were given with a will, though it was against the rules to make a

one overlooks such demonstrations at Christmas, and so did Mrs. Brown.

When all the boys had gone she took charge of Pete, but kept him out of her sitting room, much to his surprise, bidding him wait till Patsey should come home; so he played around contentedly for a while.

"Does you know where the City of David is?" he asked suddenly. "I heard about it las' night," he said. "I think it was a angel that sung it."

Mrs. Brown was busy just then, and she gave little heed to the child's prattle and he said no more, but in his mind was a vague idea that he should like to find the place because that beautiful little girl had sung about it, and so it must be very nice.

When Patsey came back he looked inquiringly at Mrs. Brown, and she said at once, "Come into my sitting room, boys. I have something to show you."

Patsey's astonishment was nearly as great as Pete's, for he thought the small tree would not have much on it. There it was, well filled, and as Mrs. Brown gave Pete the things she told who each donor was. Both boys were wild with delight, but as it was nearly noon when the tree was bare, they begged a place to put the treasures in, and started out, Pete with his red mittens on proud hands, to the "restaurant."

"Patsey, do you know where the city of David is?" asked Pete, as they walked gayly along.

"Now, Pete, what makes yer talk so silly? No, I don't, an', what's more, I don't want ter," said Patsey decidedly. "This city suits me well enough."

"Didn't ye hear 'bout it las' night, Patsey, when the angel were singin'?"

"That were a girl, Pete; but she did look like a angel, sure 'nough. I don't remember the city of David, though."

Pete trudged on with a sigh. He was used to having his questions remain unanswered. After a good dinner the boys started back to the home, but as they neared the place a group of Patsey's chums came up and asked him to join them in some fun they had planned. The home was a block or so away, and Pete said he could go the rest of the way alone, so Patsey left him and went with the boys. The little fellow trotted on, looking so happy in spite of his worn clothes and cheap, clumsy shoes that many whom he met smiled at him.

A fragment of that beautiful song again sounded in his ears. The city of David! He would find it himself, Pete thought, and though it was but a step further to the home he turned and went up another street, resolved to ask a policeman. None appeared, and he walked on and on, thinking that perhaps the city he sought was next to his own city, and if he could only get outside of that great place he could find what he sought. More and more tired grew the little feet, and at last, frightened and chilled, he stumbled on a crossing, just as a dashing team driven by one of four young men in the carriage behind came around the corner. It struck the child and threw him to one side, the carriage never stopping.

There was a rush of bystanders for the little figure, and when picked up Pete was very limp and weak, but conscious, and he begged them to take him to the home. Of course this could not be done, and Pete was carried in an ambulance to the nearest hospital, after which word was sent to Mrs. Brown. It did not take her and Patsey long to find their way to the place where Pete lay, and she mourned over the sick child as if he were one of her own. Patsey's grief when he saw Pete lying in the hospital cot knew no bounds, and he remorsefully blamed himself for leaving his brother alone; but the boy tried to console him by saying: "I ain't hurt much, Patsey. Don't ye mind."

"What fur did ye go off, Pete?" asked Patsey.

"I wanted ter find the city as the little girl sung about," said Pete. "Nobody told me, so I thought maybe I'd find it myself."

When they left him he was bravely smiling, to try to make them think he didn't mind being left without them. They went to visit him as often as the rules allowed, and each time he said "Better" when asked how he felt. He complained of no pain, but simply wished to lie quiet. The newsboys sent all sorts of nice things to him, and these attentions were consoling to Patsey as well as to the sick boy.

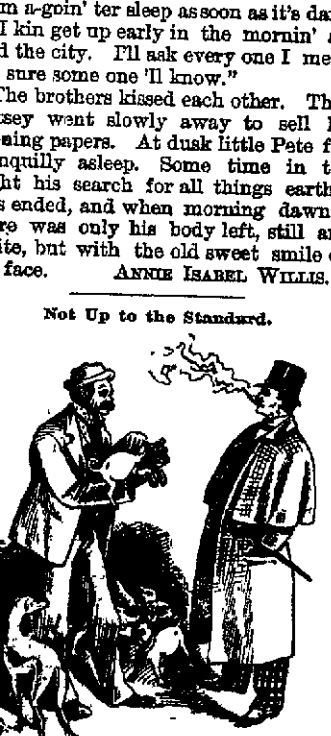
For days he lay in bed, growing more and more feeble, but often talking to Patsey about how much he wished to find the city of his search.

"Good-by, Patsey dear," he said one day, his arms around his brother's neck. "I'm a-goin' ter sleep as soon as it's dark, so I kin get up early in the mornin' an' find the city. I'll ask every one I meet, an' sure some one'll know."

The brothers kissed each other. Then Patsey went slowly away to sell his evening papers. At dusk little Pete fell tranquilly asleep. Some time in the night his search for all things earthly was ended, and when morning dawned there was only his body left, still and white, but with the old sweet smile on the face.

ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.

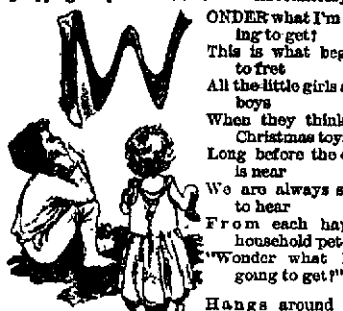
Not Up to the Standard.



Mr. Bingo—I want to give my wife a Christmas present of a pet dog. Dealer (displaying handsome specimen)—What do you think of that fellow? Mr. Bingo (promptly)—Not ugly enough.

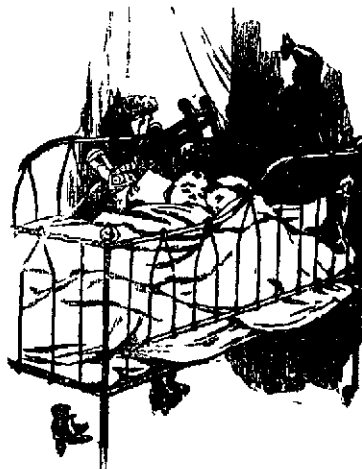
WONDER WHAT I'M GOING TO GET!

(Copyright by American Press Association.)



Doesn't seem to want to play; writes, with dirty little paws, begging notes to Santa Claus; hangs his stockings on a chair so's to find the biggest pair; by this question always met—"Wonder what I'm going to get?"

Christmas day is here at last—All our troubles now are past. Santa Claus came down last night, spreading round him fresh delight. With a twinkle in his eye, "There," said he, "sleep on, young try, No more of the thought beset Art thou, you're going to get."



Up the chimney quick he goes, Sooty rubs his ruddy nose; Yet methinks I hear him sigh As he nods a last goodbye. And methinks I hear him say Ere he vanishes away, Say with just the least regret—"Wonder what I'm going to get?"

TOM MASSON.

A CHRISTMAS EVE IN IRELAND.

Christmas eve in the mountains of Ballycolman, in the County Cork, Ireland. A blazing turf fire on the hearthstone. In the chimney corner sat Daniel Donovan, 70 years old, who could talk nothing but Gaelic. He was twisting a little wooden wheel which connected by a passage under the hearthstone with the middle of the fire, which flickered and flared as the current of air swept through. Next to the old man sat Biddy, aged 20, with her hair brushed smoothly back from her forehead and tied in a Roman knot at the back of her head. Close to Biddy sat Mary, who had never seen a black man or a Chinaman.

Sandwiched between Mrs. Donovan and Mary sat the American visitor. The old woman was smoking and crooning, and a little grandchild with cheeks like ripe peaches stood with her golden head resting on her grandmother's knee.

The firelight danced and gleamed over the little group as the December wind came down the wide mouthed chimney. The scene was so suggestive of peace and rest that for fifteen minutes no one spoke. Then Mrs. Donovan said:

"And maybe the Yankee gentleman'll sing us a song?"

He would indeed have been an ungrateful fellow who should refuse such a request under circumstances at once so homely and so hospitable. And in that grateful atmosphere here he felt some of the old time sweetness come into his voice as he sang of the harp that once the soul of music shed in Tara's halls, and told in song the story of how two eyes of Irish blue looked up at Pat Malloy.

And as he sang a look of rapt wonder and admiration came into the face of his homely listeners. He forgot that his audience was a few Irish peasants, and standing upright he clasped the back of his chair and poured out into the lowly thatched cottage that wonderful aria by Moligue, "Four Out Thy Heart Before the Lord."

He had sung it before in a massive cathedral accompanied by a great organ, and had heard the tones of his voice go ringing down the echoing nave, but never had he felt the sweetness and beauty of it as on that Christmas eve in the lowly little cabin in the mountains. And when he had finished the aria and resumed his seat, Mrs. Donovan suggested:

"Maybe the gentleman will sing us a song about home?"

Almost before he knew it the visitor had begun, "Do They Miss Me at Home?" He reached the third line, "To know at this moment some loved one were saying, 'I wish he were here,'" when he began to choke. The memory of his own home in far off America came to him. What was the baby doing? Did the children have the usual Christmas tree? Was everybody in good health? Was any one wishing for the absent one? And before the lines were out of his mouth he went all to pieces like a ship on the rocks. He was a strong man who prided himself on his cynicism and materialism. He could not remember the time when his eyes had been wet before. But sitting there upon a chair with a seat made of straw rope, and surrounded by as simple and ingenuous people as the sun ever shone upon, he placed his hands over his face, and the tears ran through his fingers and fell upon the hearthstone. An awestruck silence fell upon the little group, broken by the moaning of the wind in the chimney. Mrs. Donovan, her face shining with sympathy, gently tapped the stranger on the shoulder and whispered in his ear:

"If ye were to take a cup o' the Congo tea ye'd feel better, sir!"

He took the "Congo" and felt better. Then he went outside, and looking up at the stars wondered why it was necessary for him to go 3,000 miles away from home in order to make a fool of himself.

ERNEST JARROLD.

THE OTHER EXTREME.



"Dear me!" said Santa Claus as he came down the chimney flue. "I've heard of coats heaped on the head, But these are on my feet."

HER MERRY CHRISTMAS.

She wandered down Rivington street crying softly. She was hungry, and it seemed more pitiful for her to be hungry on Christmas eve than it was for the dozens of other children on Rivington street to be hungry. The year before she had not only not been hungry, but she had had a Christmas tree. The other children had always been more or less hungry and they had never had a Christmas tree.

She shuffled her partly bare feet along on the icy sidewalk. Snow had frozen on what was left of the upper of her shoes. Her feet were very cold, but she did not mind the cold so much as she did the hunger, nor the hunger so much as the loneliness—the absence of the Christmas tree and the daddy and mam to jump her up and down and watch the sparkle in her eyes as she saw their poor little presents. They had not been a very interesting daddy and mam to other people—daddy had been a hod carrier and mam used to take in washing. But they had been all she had—everything!

A comfortable dressed stout woman stopped her. The woman was probably a shopkeeper's wife, and had a heart more or less kind. She had intended to give the girl something to eat and perhaps some money; but she asked her if she was a good girl and gave her some advice first of all. This made the girl angry, and she answered her saucily. The comfortable woman turned away with a comfortable expression of horror on her face, and turned back into her comfortable doorway. The girl passed on, lonelier, hungrier, colder than before.

Midnight came. She had lost consciousness of details—her loneliness, her hunger, her shivering had ceased to impress her. She knew only that she was miserable. But still she walked.

At 2 o'clock on Christmas morning she had to stop walking, however. She was on a deserted East river dock, and she laid down where an eddy of wind had left a soft bed of snow—left it for her perhaps; and the wind gave its gift without giving any advice first.

Her eyes closed. Her shivers ceased. She lay very still. She was asleep. She did not move again until a red ray from the crisp winter sunrise touched her face.

Then she sat up and gazed solemnly at the sunrise for a moment. Slowly her expression became a happy one. She really looked almost like a pretty child. She raised her arms and held them out toward the glow. Her lips moved.

"Daddy! mam!" she said.

Then she dropped back into the bed given by the wind.

The girl had a merry Christmas after all.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

The Next Thing in Order.



Husband (displaying handsome nie check, a pair of solitary earrings and a seal skin robe)—Here are a few trinkets for your Christmas, dear.

Wife—Oh, you darling old thing! I could just—um, um—love you to death. But say, dear, please answer me one question.

Husband—Certainly, darlin' g.

Wife—Do tell me what you are going to give me next year?

A Question of Weight.



Young Housewife—How much is this turkey?

Marketman—Twenty-one cents a pound.

Young Housewife—And I this?

Marketman—Eighteen.

Young Housewife—What a difference.

I suppose it is because one is so much smaller than the other.